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The Blessedness of the Righteous Dead.

A

FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

BY THE

REV. J. C. FRENCH, A.M.,

Pastor of the Central Congregational Church,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.





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BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD:

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

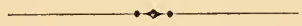
MRS. CATHARINE BAYLIS,

Delivered February 11th, 1863.

BY THE REVEREND

JUSTUS CLEMENT FRENCH, A.M.

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.



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DISCOURSE.



REVELATION 14: 13.

“AND I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

WE often see a single star gleaming with unborrowed and resplendent light through a rift in the embosoming clouds. Not even a mist dims its radiance. The canopy of enveloping darkness but heightens and reflects the splendor of its beams. It speaks to us of an infinite sphere beyond, where it has dwelt and shone since the birth-hour of time.

So is this verse set in the center of this apocalyptic chapter. Clouds and darkness are round about it. All that precedes, and all that follows it, is a scene of bewildering mystery. Commentators upon this Scripture have timidly ventured their explanations, have traced certain lines of historical connection and fulfillment of prophecy; but have wisely bespoken the indulgence of their readers, and assigned these wonders in the heavens to the catalogue of “things not seen as yet.” The most simple and natural interpretation, of all that have been offered, is that which refers this vision prophetically to the era of the Reformation, prominently marked by its leaders for their opposition

to the "doctrine of purgatory, with indulgences, human merits to be sold by the Church, masses and prayers for the dead, which was one principal source of wealth, influence, and authority to the clergy of the Church of Rome."

As it were to set forever at rest the truth of the immediate happiness and glory of all the pious dead, the voice from heaven is heard proclaiming: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." This interpretation may throw a faint halo of light upon the cloud which goes before, but it has no illumination for the cloud which follows after — the mystery of that great vintage and harvest — the cloud upon which "sat one like unto the Son of Man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle."

But whatever the doubts and darkness which hang thickly upon either hand as clouds at best only translucent, the clear, quiet, starry glory of this verse bursts through the rift and pours its flood of assurance and peace upon our souls. It, too, speaks of a sphere of infinity beyond, the boundless mind of truth and heart of love from which it came, and the realm of endless security and bliss to which the "dead in Christ" shall ascend.

It casts its light over all the ages of time. The Spirit has set no limit. All, in every age, in every clime, who die in the Lord, are blessed from henceforth.

These words, then, place forever beyond the pale of question or doubt, the following truths:

1. The CERTAIN blessedness of all the pious dead. Here is an oracle which gives us no dubious re-

sponse. It leaves the inquiring, hoping mind of man in no maze of perplexity. Conscious of powers within us which the chains of sense confine; conscious of affections which reach out after the infinite; the question of vital moment to every thoughtful soul becomes not, "If a man die, shall he live again?" — for this he intuitively feels and believes — but "When he dies, what shall be his state?" Shall the freed spirit wander wearily through the universe in search of the ultimate good, doomed to be under tutelage and trial in other spheres, perhaps to other embodiments; ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth; ever yearning, but never satisfied; ever beckoned onward, but to follow a retreating specter of happiness and peace? Shall the future of the soul be one of continued hope or of fruition? How shall we know that

"Spring shall yet visit the mouldering urn,
And day shall yet dawn on the night of the grave?"

What assurance of the blessedness of the righteous?

Here we are met by a proclamation well-nigh as strong as that which "showed unto the heirs of promise the immutability of God's counsel" — the word and the oath of the Eternal One: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." That voice came out of the abode of the Godhead, the home of truth — where all truth is glowing with light and beauty — where all knowledge is perfect, because taught by the Infinite himself. There was no room for mistake, through either ignorance or intent. Not one in that celestial city

stands not before the throne of God, and learns not from lips Divine, of the fullness of that love which wrought out a perfect redemption for the human race! Not one there who doubts his own complete beatitude. No dweller there, from the highest seraph that burns before Jehovah to the last cherub wafted thither from its earthly mother's arms, who does not rejoice and adore, that "there remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." No voice could come from that "excellent glory" to the ear of the beloved disciple in Patmos, unattuned to the perfect harmonies of Divine truth and the loving cadences of Infinite mercy. John heard that voice. It was uttered to him. It bade him write. When the angels flew through the midst of heaven, with ascriptions to God and curses upon Babylon, they raised their cry in the ear of the universe; but here his record is: "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write." Write it for the silencing of all those who would doubt the perfected work of the atoning Christ! — write it for the comforting of all the saints! — write it as the irreversible decree of the King of heaven! — "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

But who may have uttered that voice? It may have been an archangel — it may have been an angel of low degree — it may have been a saint, even then rapt with the vision of his own Redeemer. But, as if the truth must be proclaimed and sealed as the doctrine of the Triune Council, "Yea, saith the Spirit, the Holy Spirit," the *πνευμα*, the Infallible Teacher, the Comforter, the Third Person of the Trinity — equal in knowledge, and glory, and power with the Father. It

is the immutable decree of the eternal One in Three; of Us, who said in the beginning, "Let us make man! Let us redeem him! Let us bring him to our home, that he may sit upon our throne, and with Us judge the angels!"

Would we deny or disprove the felicity of the righteous dead? Then must we stop the echo of that "voice from heaven" that has rung for near two thousand years through the corridors of time, and fallen gratefully, savingly upon the ears of millions, once sorrowing, now glorified; then must we fasten falsity upon the Eternal Spirit, and fix the contemptibleness of imposture or nullity upon the crowning work of the Son of God. If there is any doctrine in this word to which the veracity and power of the Godhead are pledged, it is the certain felicity of all those who "die in the Lord."

But this verse teaches

2. The IMMEDIATE blessedness of the righteous.

It is to be "from henceforth" — from the moment that they die in the Lord — from the instant that the "silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken." The eye closing to earth, opens upon heaven — the hand loosing from the grasp of loved ones here, takes at once the harp attuned to the song of Moses and the Lamb — the brow moist with the dew of dying, receives the "crown of righteousness" — the lips murmuring a faint farewell to friends and kindred, begin to speak the language of the heavenly Canaan — the terrestrial body, weakened by disease, contorted by suffering, becomes the spiritual body, excelling in strength, and arrayed in the white robe of those who have come "out of great tribulation." There is no mo-

ment of the spirit's unconsciousness. When struggling, fluttering to be disengaged from the flesh, its eye, like the pinioned eagle's, is fixed upon the sun. When the last fetter is broken, it is with its God. The communing of every dying Christian's soul may be :

"The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens on mine eyes; mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!"

First the conflict, then the conquest! After the agony, the crown! "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," said the crucified Saviour to the penitent thief by his side. "From henceforth," saith the Spirit. The dying Lazarus is carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. Stephen, expiring, beheld Jesus standing on the right hand of God in heaven. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, "receive my spirit!" And saying this, "he fell asleep." Beautiful inspiration of the Holy Ghost, to symbolize that instant and glorious awaking in the likeness of Jesus Christ! "From henceforth." There is no hint, in those words, of tedious transition, of painful process of purgatory, of intermediate state, of soul-trying delays, of the rewards of faith, patience, and well-doing, of the necessity of a purifying or subliming experience, to fit the soul for the abode of God and the holy; for "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." It only remains to be glorified.

Intermediate state! For what? That the soul may be cleansed? — "But ye are washed." That

the soul may be made holy? — “But ye are sanctified.” That the soul may make its plea at the bar of Infinite Justice? — “But ye are justified.” “There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.” Thanks be to God that there is but one probation! that the trials, the sorrows, the discipline, the heart-breakings of this life are never to be repeated! that welcome death shall close this scene forever, and for us there shall be “a new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.” “I shall soon be with Jesus,” said a dying Christian —

“O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God.”

“I am still in the land of the dying,” said the departing Owen, “but I shall soon be in the land of the living.”

“Loose the cable, let me go!” prays the mariner in the narrow frith of time, with sails all spread for the ocean of eternity. Yes! let me go to my home and my rest; to my Saviour, my exceeding joy; to the immediate fruition of every sacred hope; to the beatific vision of Him whom my soul loveth, and the recognition of the beloved ones who went out of my heart into the bosom of my God! Christian! thus shalt thou go! Dark and toilful may be thy way here, but at the end there are Paradise, glory, and an immediate God!

This verse teaches us —

3. The ETERNAL blessedness of the righteous.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth” — even for evermore. We rejoice

in the double promise of those words. That blessedness begins not only when the feet touch the farther bank of the unbridged river, but continues "from henceforth." This, also, is the Spirit's asseveration. One of the chief ingredients in the ever-brimming cup of heaven's felicity is the impossibility of an apprehension of evil. When, for a myriad of ages, the soul has drunk that cup, would not the possibility that the golden chalice might be dashed from the lips, and all the wine of love and joy poured out, be such an invasion of the soul's repose as would turn heaven, for the redeemed, into a Bochim, a valley of weeping? Would the meditation upon what had been enjoyed, compensate for the ever-darkening thought that all that bliss and glory must have an end? Heaven would not be heaven, robbed of its eternity for the ransomed soul. No! it is the thought — ay, the certainty —

"When I've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
I've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when I first begun."

Nor has the mighty God, who is "from everlasting to everlasting," thus done his work. Redemption is the grandest work that can engage the heart and will of Deity, for it has brought Himself through the confines of human flesh and of an earthly tomb, ever to wear the ensigns of our great High Priest and "continual" Intercessor. He stooped not from the skies in vain. In the days of his flesh, when he "offered up strong crying and tears," the Shepherd of Israel said: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them; and they

follow me, and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." What means the glowing language of Revelation concerning those who dwell with God! "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." It is the Old as well as the New Testament, or will of God, that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

"From henceforth!" — How impotent the poor finite reason of man to measure those words! We need not measure them. Let them stand before us in all their unutterableness and baffling mystery! They are ours, if Christ is ours. Nor will the glorified spirit perplex itself with computations of those endless ages. It is enough to know that no thought of change or end shall ever enter the ransomed soul. Heaven will be for it an eternal now of unspeakable blessedness and holy activities. God shall give to every instant the coronation of his love, and thus the saints shall experience a forever in every moment of eternity.

This verse also teaches us —

4. The NATURE of the blessedness of the righteous.

"They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Labor is not a curse. It was one of the conditions and blessings of Eden. But sin has added the curse to labor — the necessity of it for existence, the exhaustion, the faintness, the pangs. It is labor now which gives all the signi-

ficance and sweetness to rest. In this general sense, then, it may be claimed that there is blessedness in rest from labor. But the rich language in which the Revelation was written gives a more definite and exhaustive idea of the rest in which this blessedness will consist. The word which has been rendered labors, means, more fully, "beatings" — the blows of the rod, whether light or grievous, which wring from us the sigh of grief or the wailing of suffering. It points to rest from the attrition of petty cares, from the canker of slow-consuming sorrows, from whatever perturbs or tries the soul.

There would be no blessedness in rest from beneficent Christian labor — the labor of a soul through hand and tongue for the welfare of men and the glory of God. That is the Christian's delight and reward on the earth. It is the torch with which he keeps alive the flame of love in his heart. This is the Christian paradox of being enriched by giving. There is a luxury in obedience to the sanctified impulses of the soul in behalf of our fellow-men — an ecstasy begotten and sustained by fulfilling the royal law of love, even though the benefactor be footsore and languishing from the labor, of which he is enamored and tenacious next to his precious hope in Jesus. Rob him of this reflexive good and joy, and he would pine in leanness and grief.

There shall be no rest in heaven from the joyful and concurrent activity of all the sanctified powers, in the praises and engagements of eternity. But from the weariness of labor — from sickness, pain, and death — from regrets for the past —

from apprehensions for the future — from the scourgings of affliction — from the doubts, fears, and woes of this life—there shall be rest in heaven — “eternal, sacred, sure.” The finger of God has written it in ineffaceable lines in his Holy Word, and through the Holy Spirit, in the assured faith of every believer in Jesus. We know that state will be blessed. This word is used in Scripture to indicate the state of extreme felicity. It is so high, that no heart can take its altitude; so deep, that no plummet of imagination can fathom it; so broad, that no finite line can serve as a unit for the measurement of its boundlessness. The Psalmist, standing on the shore of that ocean of bliss, exclaims with all the Hebrew exuberance of admiration: “Oh! the blessednesses! the blessednesses! of the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered!”

“No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach that place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.”

But again, the righteous dead are blessed, “for their works do follow them.” How strangely these words have been misunderstood! It is true the good works of Christians do shed a halo of radiance about their names when they have departed; that the savor of their vital godliness remains to commend religion, and be a power in the earth. This is a universal and delightful truth. But in this sense, their works do not “follow them;” they are left behind. This interpretation can have no more than a secondary place here. The passage literally means, “their works go with them” — accompany

them to heaven — to the presence of the Holy God — and by them they are judged — “judged according to the deeds done in the body.” Not that they are saved by virtue of the merit of these deeds — for the merit is wholly and only Christ’s — but they are judged to have accepted the righteousness of Christ according as their faith in him has been proved by their works. They are blessed, then, because it appears that their lives have been “hid with Christ in God” — because the labors of Christian love were their occupation and delight — because the Saviour himself, with eyes melting with tender approbation, and voice magisterial, yet ineffably sweet, shall pronounce those words — the passport to the innermost shrine of the “temple not made with hands” — “WELL DONE!” May the unutterable blessedness of that moment, and of the eternity which shall succeed, be the inheritance of every one of you, through infinite grace in Jesus Christ!

How easy now is the transition from the abstract to the concrete and personal! Before me lies one of the Lord’s blessed dead! not a living, but a truthful, an eloquent witness to the Scriptural verity of the foregoing reflections. In that narrow coffin she wears a white robe, but in the home of glory another robe made white in the blood of the Lamb! Of her may we confidently, exultingly say: “Blessed is she!” O the blessednesses of this now sainted daughter, wife, mother, sister and friend! Her rest and felicity are certain, immediate and eternal. She rests from all her toil, from all her care, from all that is pecu-

liarily the fruit of sin. In the everlasting gardens of the Lord this "tree of righteousness" has been early transplanted, but not until the fragrant blossoms of beautiful example and the ripened clusters of Christian graces had gladdened and enriched God's vineyard in the earth.

It is but a just tribute to the departed one, and may be rich in profit to all the living, to study and portray the prominent features of her character and life.

If that life "is long which answers life's great end," then has she, though dying in the very prime of womanhood, accomplished the full term of mortal years.

Regarding her character as a whole, it will be seen to be one of unusual symmetry and completeness. In every department of life and action which God intended for woman, she met and answered the end of her existence.

In the home, that sphere and paradise of a true woman's thoughts and affections, Mrs. Baylis ever presided with fidelity and grace. Endowed with rich qualities of mind and heart, she was peculiarly fitted to be an appreciative, sympathizing and self-sacrificing companion for the retirement of that sacred place. Those whose privilege it was to enjoy for a season the hospitalities of that household, or for a longer period, to be inmates there, delight to record their fixed and ever-deepening convictions of her worth and devotion, as the wife and the mother; the joint result of an affectionate nature, true womanly instincts and religion.

In social relations, Mrs. Baylis was genial, sympathetic and amiable. Naturally frank and con-

riding, equable in temper, quick of apprehension, ready in conversation, sincere, unsuspecting, unostentatious and warm-hearted, she gathered about her at once and retained a large circle of admiring and constant friends. Her countenance was always cheerful. It was the reflection of a heart at peace with God and kindly affectioned towards man. Her friends expected the sunny smile and the warm grasp of the hand. They were never disappointed. She loved the children, and won them to confidence and reciprocated affection. The place she held in society was therefore one of most important and tender relations. She will be mourned and missed wherever she was known; for a true friend, a congenial companion and a wise counselor is gone.

But it was in her character and life as a Christian that Mrs. Baylis shone with the brightest radiance. Religion had "grown with her growth and strengthened beyond her strength."

She was received into the Church at the early age of thirteen. At the examination preliminary to the public profession she then made, one of the elders suggested that she was "too young to enter the Church." She quickly replied, "I am not too young to die." "True, my daughter! true my daughter!" exclaimed the now venerable Dr. Cox. Being asked "why she wished to join the Church," she answered, "Because I love you." "What better answer could she give," said the pastor again, "for are we not commanded to love the brethren?"

Her trustful, loving heart confided cheerfully in the promises of the Scriptures, and she cordially received into her confidence and affection all those

who cherished the same hopes. An abiding, lively faith in Jesus Christ filled and controlled her soul. God in Christ was her steadfast hope, her "exceeding joy." Out of her religious experience grew all comely graces and virtues. And those qualities, not directly the outgrowth of religion, received from it a richer hue and a sweeter savor. She kept "her tongue from evil and her lips from speaking guile." She employed them rather in that conversation which is "always with grace, seasoned with salt"—never for the detraction of her fellow-men,—ever in kindness and for comfort. Her religion was both deeply emotional and eminently practical. Her faith radiated through her works. Her own warm heart throbbed steadily against the heart of a common humanity. All upon whom is the image of God were the objects of her unfeigned interest and regard. She never turned away from the cry of suffering or the story of want. With her own hands and purse she ministered to the necessities of the poor, often exceeding her limited strength in visitations to the fatherless or widow. The Industrial School and the Orphan Asylum engaged her sympathies, prayers, and labors. God will be more than a mother to her own dear children because of her tender ministration to the little orphans, who, but for the Christian charity of just such mothers in Israel, would now be homeless and forsaken.

She was faithful to all the ordinances of God's house. Not the lapse of time, nor the changes of association shall cause us to forget her love for the Sabbath worship and the weekly meeting for prayer, nor the sweet tones of her voice, as we

sang together the songs of Zion. That voice, well nigh hushed for many a month previous to her death, has already praised God with the whole multitude of choiring angels and seraphim.

But hers were not the faith and love so easy in sunlighted hours alone. They were strong through trial—they were perfected through weakness. Her faith was to her the parent of patience, richer Christian experience, brighter hopes. It went with her into the deep waters of affliction, and emerged purified, strengthened, exalted. Twice did God ask for her dearest treasures—the beloved babes, whose sweet presence in that household made her own life seem trebly desirable and precious.

There was a struggle—a conflict with maternal love almost as strong as life—but her faith triumphed. Resignation took the throne of her heart—

“And the mother gave with tears and pain,
The ones she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.”

She has found them. The glorified mother has met her glorified children. Not too soon, for her work on earth was well done, and she has heard those words from the lips of her Saviour and Lord.

It is timely here to speak of Mrs. Baylis in connection with this religious Society. With its history, from the beginning, she has ever been closely identified. In the early days of its feebleness, when it had barely more than a “name to live,” when discouragement, though not despair was

the prevailing sentiment among its members, she, with a few others, was tenacious, hopeful, persevering. She believed that it had an appointed mission of usefulness, strength and honor. She encouraged the doubtful. She added fresh stimulus to the hopeful. She visited personally its members, urging them to attend its meetings. She even solicited subscriptions, in company with others, when the effort was made successfully, to purchase this edifice.

It is not an exaggeration to say, that to a little band of faithful ones, among whom Mrs. Baylis was prominent, this Society owes its existence to-day. And God has honored their faith and rewarded their zeal. This Christian laborer has never ceased to watch and pray for the temporal and spiritual prosperity of this Church, and I doubt not she regards it now with a quickened interest and a heavenly love.

Such briefly were her character and life. This has not been the language of indiscriminate eulogy. Every word has been well considered, and will meet its justification in the heart of every one who knew her. It is well that the example of one so marked for consistency, balance, truthfulness, beneficence, and ardent piety should be studied and emulated. It is for the honor of the Church and the glory of Christ. It exhibits the omnipotence of grace. With that humility always the partner of real Christian strength, she would have exclaimed at any period of her bright career, with entire self-abnegation: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

It remains now only to speak of her sickness.

and death. It was the will of God that she should suffer for many months, and, as the end approached, should lose, at times, the light of that reason which ever gave intelligence, coherence and force to her testimony for Christ. But God did not need dying testimony from one whose life had been "an epistle of godliness known and read of all men."

Yet whenever the brief intervals of lucidity occurred, all her speech was beautifully accordant with the spirit of love and faith which had ruled her life. Jesus Christ was her "Star of Bethlehem." Tossed for so long upon heaving seas, she longed for the haven of rest. Even in her delirium she thought herself afloat upon a great ocean and seeking for the Port of Peace. But God and Heaven were in all her moments of rational thought.

One touching incident in those final hours moves the stoutest soul. Her little daughter entered the room. "Come here, Katie," said the mother, with a smile of recognition and love. The little girl sat upon the bed by her side, and then she said: "Now, Katie, sing for me, 'There's a light in the window for thee.'"* Then as that tiny voice sang sweet and clear that beautiful song of the Sabbath-school, the mother, who for weeks had spoken but in a whisper, unable longer to restrain the yearning passion of her soul for music, broke forth in the part she loved the best, and sang with her little daughter: "There's a light in the window for me."

Yes! There was a light in the window for her,

* See last page.

but now she has gone through the portals of that eternal temple, and is bathed in the full, uncreated splendor about the throne of God.

Devout hands will carry her to-day to her burial; a great company of afflicted ones, beyond this immediate circle of mourners, will cherish her loveliness; and her works, though they shall "follow her," yet, through the omnipresence and deathlessness of a righteous act, shall remain to garland her memory, while with silent though potent energy, they shall attract to the blessed religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear friends, you need no higher, no other consolation to-day! Your beloved one, our sister in Christ is in Heaven! That Heaven may be yours! She can not come to you, but you may go to her. Jesus Christ is the "Resurrection and the Life!" "He that believeth on Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "All them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him." May we all so live that ours shall be the certain, immediate, and eternal blessedness of the righteous dead!

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

THERE'S a light in the window for thee, brother,
 There's a light in the window for thee;
 A dear one has moved to the mansions above,
 There's a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
 When from toil and from care you are free;
 The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
 With a light in the window for thee.

Oh! watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
 All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
 Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
 There's a light in the window for thee.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
 Till from conflict and suffering free;
 Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
 There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS—A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee.

The following interesting incident has given rise to the above song:

A boy, of twelve years, worked for the support of a widowed mother. One dark night, having three miles to travel, with a heavy bundle, over a muddy road, he did not reach home until late. His mother had retired, but arising quickly at the sound of his voice, she met him at the door, and, as she took his bundle from him, exclaimed: "After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you." Health failing him, he left home, and went to sea; but not until his brothers were old enough to support his mother. Three years afterward his mother died, but just before she expired, she said to those around her: "Give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him." — See *Bradbury's "Golden Chain."*





